

GREEN RIVER HISTORY

By Roy Webb

Tape #38

This is a tape recording of Mr. Roy Webb, volunteer in the [Dinosaur National] Park, on this 31st day of August, 1978, on the subject of the history of the Green River and Dinosaur National Monument, men and some of the activities.

Roy Webb: I'd sure like to welcome you all to Dinosaur National Monument. I hope you're enjoying your stay here. My name is Roy Webb. I work on the "other side," as we call it, which is over at the Headquarters District in Colorado. I'm not a naturalist, so I'm a volunteer and wear this vest and I work in the maintenance department of the National Park Service.

I'm going to talk tonight about history. I know when a lot of people hear the word "history" or when you find out you are going to be listening to it, you say, "Oh no, history, how dull and dry." That's true a lot of times. If you just talk about dates and names and places, it can be a pretty dull subject. But what I'm going to try and do tonight through some quotes that I have of journals, I'm going to read to you some quotes from journals of people who have been associated with the Green River here, which is running right past our site here.

I'd like you to, as you listen to these quotes and listen to what these people had to say about their experiences, I'd like you to think of them not as just abstract figures, but as people just like yourselves sitting here right now. They were people with hopes and fears and dreams and desires. Sometimes they had corns, sometimes their feet hurt, sometimes their stomach hurt. They complained when they got wet. They didn't like it when they got cold. They were just like us right now, only they were one hundred years or maybe two hundred years removed, which isn't very much in our society.

Before we get started on that, I'd like to learn a little about you people that are here tonight. First off, who here thinks they're from the farthest away? Let's see some hands, anyone. Anybody. Yes, sir. Florida. Anybody else? California, the other end of the continent. Everybody else must be from Vernal or Jensen, huh? 'd also like to know another question. Who here lives by a river or has a river in the city where they live? Anyone? Hudson River in New York, huh? Anybody else? Platte River, that's a pretty famous river. Is anybody here for a river trip, or have you taken a river trip? There's river trips commercially available, just one-day trips through Split Mountain Gorge here. I think they cost \$20-\$25, and the rangers, or the people at the desk up at the Quarry, can tell you about them.

That's what our subject is tonight: the Green River, its history, the people who have been associated with it, people who have gone down it and what they had to say about it. Before I start talking about those folks, I'd like to point out a couple of things. These people, in their journals they mention a lot of wildlife like antelope and wolves, various kinds of things, buffalo, which you don't see around this part of the country anymore, or actually around the country at all. There's a couple of other things that they didn't see that we see now, a couple of plants. Is there anybody here who might know what those two plants are? There's two of them.

Well, one of them is the tamarisk which is an exotic, they call it, it's an import. You turn around here and look at this tall kind of graceful bush growing against the river, that's a tamarisk. That's an import from Asia. Was imported in the 1930s by the Nevada/California Highway Departments in an effort to hold down their road sides. As it turned out, tamarisk is a very prolific plant and has grown, just spread all over the West. Wherever there's water, there is also tamarisk.

The other one is the tumbleweed. I know we see in western movies and read in western novels about the tumbleweeds rolling along, but as it turns out, tumbleweeds are a rather recent introduction. They came from the steppes of Russia. It's called a Russian thistle. It came from the steppes of Russia probably in bags of wheat sent over sometime between then and now. So we can see that it has changed a little bit, but not a whole lot. The river is still there and the mountains are still there.

The first people that I'm going to talk about didn't leave any written records. They left some of their buildings and a few mysterious rock carvings on walls. I don't know how many of you have taken a tram tour here, but it takes you up past a place called Cub Creek and you can see some petroglyphs there. Those petroglyphs were left probably, let's say around one thousand years ago. Left by a people called the Fremont culture.

The Fremonts lived in this area from about 800 to about 1200 or 1300 AD. They were a sedentary people mostly, a little hunting and gathering and some agriculture, and they lived around this area and probably disappeared around, well, most archaeologists figure about 1276 AD as a result of a long drought. They probably moved south—this is all conjecture—probably moved south down around the Little Colorado River Basin or the Rio Grande.

A few hundred years after the Fremont, the Spanish made an introduction into North America in 1521, in Mexico. By twenty years later then, they'd already started coming this far north. The first man into what's now the United States was a man named Coronado. He came up in 1540, came in what's now New Mexico, on an exploring expedition. He was thinking about starting a colony, but first he wanted to look for gold. "God, glory and gold," as the Spanish said. So Coronado and his men got up into New Mexico and they did some pretty famous things, pretty amazing things. Some of his lieutenants made it as far as present-day Kansas. One of his men sailed up the coast of California. One of them sailed up the Colorado River from Baha California. Another one was the first white man to see the Grand Canyon in April of 1542. As it turned out, he didn't find any gold and he didn't find much of anything, so he turned around and went back. It was up to another guy, named Don Juan de Onate, in 1598, to colonize New Mexico. So, he colonized New Mexico and by a couple of hundred years later, they had a pretty thriving city there, Santa Fe, New Mexico, which was founded in 1610.

Now, in between that time, up to the middle 1700s, the Spanish had also set up a system of missions on the California coast and inland California. By about the middle 1700s they started to get worried because they noticed some French had moved into Texas, in the eastern and western Texas, and the Russians had set up a couple of settlements on the California coast. So the Spanish started to get worried about this because they considered all of western North America their holdings. They figured they needed to explore it a little more fully and to also find a land route between Santa Fe, New Mexico, and Monterey, California, which was the capital of upper California at the time.

So, in 1776 then, they commissioned a couple of Franciscan friars, their names were Dominguez and Escalante, to find a northern route from Santa Fe to Monterey. They wanted to find a northern route in order to avoid the canyons of the southern Grand Canyon, the canyon systems there in the desert, and also to avoid the Hopi Indians who were pretty hostile to the Spanish because they had been oppressed by them for a couple hundred years. So in 1776 they commissioned these two men. They were supposed to start out on July 4, 1776. We all know what happened on July 4, 1776, and that would have been quite a historical coincidence. But as it turned out, Father Escalante was ill and they waited until the 29th of July to set out.

They started from Santa Fe, went north up the Rio Chama, into what's now Colorado, followed the Delores River up to about central/western Colorado. There they had a little conference. They had run into a man there who was a Savagano Ute, who told them that up in this area were just thousands of Utes waiting to be converted to Catholicism. So they had a conference with the men who were with them.

Oh, one of the men, incidentally, I've got to mention because he's a very interesting character. Along with Dominguez and Escalante was a guy named Miera. Miera was a retired artillery officer, fought a lot of battles, Indian battles, and he was along as the map maker for the expedition. So they had a conference there on the Delores River and decided that they'd go north up into this area to proselyte among the Savagano Utes.

This was in the fall of 1776 and they started north. They got to south of here around south of Rangely, what's now Rangely, Colorado, and they crossed over the mountains there, a place that's now called Douglas Pass. They came down into Rangely, which is in the valley of the White River. It's interesting to note that in Escalante's journal, he looked down at the area where Rangely is now and he said, "This is the most worthless country I've ever seen in my life, not good for farming, not good for pasture, not good for anything." He just didn't know that about 3,000 feet beneath that was the vast deposits of oil that they've been pumping ever since 1920, one of the biggest fields in the United States. So he wasn't always right.

They continued on up into north of Rangely and came around what's now Dinosaur, Colorado, and started over toward this area about September of 1776. I have a quote here from Father Escalante's journal; he was the journal keeper for the expedition. Now, they got into this area, or came south along the other side of this far ridge, south of that, came along, found a place where they killed a buffalo. Found some water there. There's a little station there on the highway called Musket Shot Springs, a little pull-off that tells you about a musket shot from where they killed a buffalo, they found a good spring. So on Sept. 13, 1776 then, Father Escalante writes in his journal:

Came to a large river which we name San Buena Ventura. This river is the most copious one we have come by. Its course along here is to the west/southwest. It comes together with the San Clemente or the White River, but we do not know if it does with the preceding ones. Here it has a meadow abounding in pasturage and good land for farming with the help of irrigation, which in width might be more than a league and in length could reach five.

I'd like to point out here that a league to the Spanish, that was their unit of measure, a

league was the distance a man could ride on a good horse at a walking gait in an hour. That's kind of an abstract unit of measure, you can see, but as we work it out, it works out to be about 2.7 miles. He mentions it a couple of times in here, and whenever you hear league, just think of 2.7. This goes on:

It flows into it between two lofty stone hogbacks, which after forming a sort of corral, come so closely together that one can barely make out the gorge through which the river comes.

If you'd all turn around and look right over here at this carved sandstone ridge, you notice there's another one behind it that's a little darker. The river flows right in between those and that's what Father Escalante was talking about when he came in and saw this ridge here. He goes on:

According to our guide, one cannot cross anywhere else than by the single ford it has in this vicinity which lies on the west side of the hogback on the north, very near to a chain of small bluffs and loose dirt, some lead colored and others of a yellow hue. It consists of finely ground rock, and there the water does not reach the mounts' shoulder blades, whereas everywhere else that we saw, they cannot cross without swimming.

If you noticed when you drove into the Monument here, you go by the sign that's the entrance to the Monument, and up on your left as you come in, there's a bunch of hills there, just low, dirt hills, as he says, some lead-colored and others of a yellow hue. It's really interesting to note that you can still see the same today, it hasn't changed at all. Those hills are still there and if you'll notice as you go out right by the sign, there's another smaller monument put up by the bicentennial commission that commemorates the crossing which was right around there. September 14 he says:

At this place there are six big black poplars which have grown in pairs attached to one another, and they are the ones closest to the river. Near them is another one by itself; on its trunk, on the side facing northwest. Don Joaquin Lain dug out a small piece with an adze in the shape of a rectangular window and with a chisel carved on it the inscription letters and numbers "Year of 1776," and lower down in a different hand "Lain" with two crosses at the sides, the larger one above the inscription and the other one beneath it.

Some people, some of the older folks around Vernal and a couple of people that have written books about this, have said that they knew people who saw this inscription. According to botanists and people who study trees, the cottonwoods, like this one right here, or poplars that he mentions, are pretty short-lived trees. They don't live, at the very maximum, past two hundred years. So, if they were big poplars when Escalante saw them, you know they were getting pretty close to the end of their cycle. It's very doubtful that the ones that he saw were still here when people moved into the valley. So, the ones that were just little shoots, like these here, have probably grown up to be the big ones that you see now on the other side of the river as you go

by. On September 16 he writes:

On the 16th we set out from La Vega de Santa Cruz, [Which is what, incidentally, they named every one of their campsites; on Miera's map, he made a dot of every campsite and gave it a name. Interesting for that.] Went up about a mile to the north, arrived at the ford, and crossed the river. We took to the west, and after going one league along the northern side and meadow of the river, crossed another smaller one [the Rio de San Simon, which we call Brush Creek], which comes down from the northwest, and we entered it. Over the same meadow we turned south-southwest for a league and crossed another rivulet, [the Rio de San Tadeo which we call Ashley Creek now] a little larger than the first, which comes down from the same northwesterly direction and enters the river.

So, Dominguez and Escalante then crossed the river on September 16 and camped on the other side of the river, crossed a couple of places that we can identify really closely as Brush Creek and Ashley Creek. If you'll notice as you go back out, there are signs on those. You cross Ashley Creek on US 40, if you happen to be going west toward Vernal. You cross Ashley Creek on US 40, but you cross Brush Creek as you go back to the highway.

To finish up their story, then, they kept going up over the Strawberry River drainage and down into what's now around Utah Lake where Provo, Utah, is today. They didn't go north up to see the Great Salt Lake, so that was reserved for Jim Bridger about fifty years later, or sixty years, I'll say. But they proselyted among the Utes there for a while, talked to them. The Utes were very receptive. These were the Timpanogas Utes, or the Laguna Utes, the Lake Indians. They lived around the lake, and these Indians were very receptive to their ideas, so that the Fathers promised them, they said, "Well, we'll come back next year and we'll bring all the vestments and all the stuff we need to convert you to Catholics and we'll bring other people, too, that know how to farm and how to irrigate the land and everything."

It's interesting to speculate for a moment what would have happened had they done this. That really would have changed the whole face of the western United States, because the Spanish, everywhere they went, they really left a mark. If they had come back the next year and set up missions and converted a lot of Utes, it really would have changed, because the Mormons certainly wouldn't have stopped here in 1847 if the Spanish were here in great numbers. However they didn't, they kept going.

At that point they turned south, down into the Sevier River. They were in the Great Basin then, down along the Sevier, and they got down there and it started getting late in the year, October-November of 1776, and they started thinking, well, it's getting a little late, so they had a conference with their men and drew lots to decide whether they should go on to Monterey, attempt to find their route, or whether they should return to Santa Fe. As it turned out, they decided to return to Santa Fe.

They went on a couple more weeks and they had an altercation with their guide, and one night, the guide just left them and took off. There they were in this trackless, desolate area without a guide. As it turns out, their story that Escalante writes is quite a story of privation and struggle and dedication to their ideals and quite interesting reading. As it turns out, they found

their way down to the Colorado River. They crossed the river in what's now under the waters of Lake Powell, but it was called the Crossing of the Fathers. They crossed at Glen Canyon, down into northern Arizona, and made their way to a place called Oriby, which is one of the Hopi mesas, Hopi pueblos, in northeastern Arizona. Made their way back to Santa Fe on January 2, 1777 and wrote up their journal and that was the end of them.

Father Escalante died a couple of years later because he was ill from this trip and beforehand. So they passed through and Don Diego Miera y Pacheco, [known as] Miera, made a map which was to figure prominently in the history of the west for another fifty to sixty years. But other than that, they left no mark, and it was left for another fifty years to pass.

Not many people came through here. Lewis and Clark passed quite a bit north of here when they started out in 1803 and 1804. When they came west to explore, they went quite a bit north of this area. About in the 1820s, then, there was a fashion in Europe and among the people on the East Coast of the United States, it was very fashionable to wear hats made out of beaver. So a couple of people got the idea that if they came west, they could trap beaver and bring them back and sell them, bring the pelts back and sell them and make a fortune.

One of these guys was named General William Ashley. He lived in St. Louis, Missouri, which was kind of the jumping-off place. That was sort of the end of civilization at that time. He put out an advertisement for one hundred enterprising young men to go west and trap beaver with him. Well, he got his one hundred enterprising young men and they were some of the most famous names in the later fur trade. They were the Sublette Brothers and Jedediah Smith and Jim Bridger and Kit Carson, people that we are still familiar with to this day. So, he made trips out here. Every year he'd bring some men out here. The men would trap, and they'd all come together at a rendezvous, and he'd collect the furs and pay the men whatever he had agreed to pay them, take them back to St. Louis, and really make a killing at it, too.

So, to take up the story again a little later: in 1825, he came out again, this was his third trip out. On April 19, 1829, he came to the Green River, which he called the Siskadee. Siskadee Agee was the Indian name for the Green. That means Prairie Hen River. If you look at the color of the Green as it goes by, it sure looks like a prairie hen, about the same color. So, that seems like a pretty good name for it.

Once Ashley got back to the Green, he decided that he'd take a trip down the Green and see where it went. So, he split his party up, sent about seven or eight men up north to find the sources of the Green which are in the Wind River Mountains, and he sent some other men farther south down to Henry's Fork around in southwestern Wyoming to make a cache there and set up a place for a rendezvous. With about eight of his best men, he built some boats. These are called bull boats, and they're made out of buffalo hides stretched over green willow bark frames. They were round and kind of light and not very sturdy and not very maneuverable.

An interesting side light of Ashley, if I can divert for a moment: there was another guy who was with Ashley's party, his name was Jim Beckwourth. As we all know in the history of the west, there are a lot of people who are pretty famous for telling stories. One, for example, was Jim Bridger, you've all heard of Jim Bridger. He told a story about when he was up in the Yellowstone country how he'd found this place. There was a valley so big that he'd go to bed at night and he'd yell, "Wake up, Jim!" and by morning the echo would come back and it would wake him up. Now, that's quite a story, but he told some other ones.

This guy, Jim Beckwourth, he was also a storyteller. So, he told, for instance, where General Ashley put in, was up in the mouth of the Little Sandy River. That's north of present-day Green River, Wyoming, north of Interstate 80, where it crosses. Right around there is just flat water, just about like right here where the river flows by really quietly and really still. But Beckwourth told a story that when they were getting in the river, they were all getting ready to go. Now Beckwourth didn't go with General Ashley, but they were all around. The general jumped in the boat and the rope snapped and he started going down the river, boat, general and all. And as it turned out, according to Beckwourth, anyway, in his later narrative, there was a giant suck right there, a giant whirlpool, and just below that was a place where the river fell two to three hundred feet in about five miles.

Now, if you look at the river today, there's no place on the river, even today in the Grand Canyon and Cataract Canyon, which are the worst rapids on the river, there's no place where there's a fall like that, fifty feet per mile. But according to Beckwourth, there was. So, he said he shucked off his leggings really fast and jumped in the river and swam down and the general was falling out of the boat and was holding onto a rock. So, he had him grab onto his shoulders and he swam across the current and was just starting to get pulled in by the suck when one of the other men, named Fitzpatrick, stuck a pole out and pulled them in. As it turned out later, of course, there are no giant sucks on that part of the Green, and there aren't any falls like that because it's all flat water, and it also it turned out that Beckwourth didn't know how to swim. So he was just a storyteller, a pretty interesting fellow.

So General Ashley and his men set out on the Green on April 22, 1825. They started out, like I said, on flat water and it all went well for a while and they started to get into Flaming Gorge, which is now under the waters of Flaming Gorge Reservoir. Flaming Gorge had a few rapids in it, it starting getting worse and worse. There were places where they had to portage around.

When you portage those rapids, what they'd do is, they'd unload all their gear out of the boats, they'd carry it all around the rapid, then carry the boats around the rapid, load all the gear back up and take off. They came to one spot where it was especially bad and Ashley wrote up on the wall, took some paint and up on the wall he wrote, "Ashley 1825." This was visible up to 1911. A lot of people have commented on this as they went down.

So they kept on going, they went through Flaming Gorge, came out into what's now Brown's Park. It's on the border of Utah and Colorado just below Wyoming, and they came down into Lodore Canyon, which also has a lot of rapids, and there they had a wreck. They went on down through Echo Park. [As] he describes in his journal, Echo Park is where the Yampa and the Green Rivers come together. He named that Mary's River, after his wife, what's now called the Yampa River. [He] kept going and finally, after about a month, or a little less than a month after they started out, they came out through this river right here and came out. He came out on the 16th of May, 1825. I'd like to read you what he said.

Excuse me, before that, I've got a quote from his journal about Lodore Canyon which is all red limestone to give you a setting. This just gives the mood of the people of his trip. It says:

As we pass along between these massy walls, which in a great degree exclude from us the rays of heaven, and present a surface as impassible as their body was

impregnable, I was forcibly struck with a gloom which spread over the countenances of the men and I must confess, I partook in some degree of their feelings, for things around us had a truly awful appearance.

So you can see that they were starting to get pretty depressed by being in these canyons for so long. Finally on May 16, 1825, they came out of Split Mountain Gorge here, and this is what he writes about it. He says:

Embarked and proceeded early, the river rapid, but not at all dangerous. At three miles, the mountains withdraw from each side of the river and bottoms of considerable size, well timbered. The river is remarkable crooked. General course southwest. We descended this day about ten miles and camped at the entrance of a bold stream on the north side.

He made a cache there and that stream, Ashley Creek, still bears his name to this day. There's an interesting story associated with where he camped right there. As it turns out, as they came up, they ran into a couple of other white men. They were pretty amazed. As it turned out, these people were trappers from Taos, New Mexico. They had come north with the same idea as General Ashley, to trap for beaver. These men worked with Etienne Proveau, who was a very famous fellow in the history of the fur trade. He gave his name to Provo, Utah, where Brigham Young University is today, and set up a couple of trading posts and was around in this area for a long time.

So they got to talking to these men. These fellows were Spanish, and they got to talking to them and they asked them what they called this river. Remember, the Indians called it the Siskadee. These men said they called it the Rio Verde, which is the Green River. So that comes from Ashley's diary, and that kind of lays [it] to rest. There's a lot of legends about how the Green got its name. The most commonly accepted legend is that it came from one of Ashley's men named William Green. As it turns out, there was no William Green in any of Ashley's expeditions. He says he got it from the Spanish, so I think if we can't believe Ashley, who can we believe, because he was here right then.

A few years later, after Ashley, another person came into the area who is little-known. There's very little known about him. The only thing that is really well known is his inscriptions. He left carvings on the rocks in these canyons up here. His name was Denis Julien. He was a Frenchman. Nobody's sure quite where he came from. A little research has shown that he had a couple of sons baptized in St. Louis, that he fought in the War of 1812 on the American side, and that he came west with the same idea of trapping beaver and setting up a company to make himself a fortune, actually.

So, he came down through these rivers, he was quite a river runner. He came down through all these rivers. In Whirlpool Canyon, which is the next canyon above Split Mountain Gorge, [and] has quite rapid stretches in it, he left an inscription there. Left one in Desolation Canyon, which is about one hundred river miles south of us. Left one in Labyrinth Canyon, which is the next. These canyons are in order as you go south, Labyrinth and Stillwater and in Cataract Canyon.

Now Cataract Canyon is in what's now Canyonlands National Park. That's some of the roughest water on the North American Continent. If you talk to river runners and boatmen, they say that that's some of the roughest water around, still claims lives, two, three, maybe four lives to this day, people drown in that canyon. Apparently what happened to Julienne is he also lost it there, because that's the last inscription. There's an inscription there for May of 1836 in Cataract Canyon, and that's the last time we ever hear of Denis Julienne. I think that was the end of him.

A few years after Julienne is when Americans starting getting interested in this area as they were pushing west. They started sending out governments surveys. One of the men they sent out was a guy named John C. Fremont, who also left his name all over the west. There's Fremont, Utah; Fremont River, Utah; Fremont, California; Colorado, Wyoming. He's just all around. He was quite an explorer and quite a journal keeper, too. He made a number of trips out into this area, and in his journal for 1843, he writes about the Green and Colorado. He says:

But little known and that little derived from vague report. Three hundred miles of its lower part as it approaches the Gulf of California is reported to be smooth and tranquil. But its upper part is manifestly broken into many falls and rapids. From many descriptions of trappers, it is probable that in its foaming, among its lofty precipices, it presents many scenes of wild grandeur, and though offering many temptations and often disgust, no trappers have been bold enough to undertake a voyage which has so certain a prospect on a fatal termination.

You can see that even in 1843, about seventy years after Dominguez and Escalante were first in the area, nobody knew anything about the Green and Colorado. They'd crossed it, they'd talked to people who had crossed it, and some people said they'd been down it, but nobody had yet. Some people reported that there were falls, like Beckwourth, for instance, and other people reported there were falls like Niagara with impassible walls and unclimbable cliffs, so you'd be stuck there. Some people said that it broadened out into huge valleys of native wheat. They were both right in some places. Well, there were no Niagara Falls on it, but there were some pretty bad falls.

As it turned out, nobody knew anything about it. According to Miera, who was back with Escalante, you remember, he had drawn his map, they crossed the San Buena Ventura on September 16, and after that he showed the San Buena Ventura on his map going straight west, right across the Rockies, right across the Sierras, right into the San Francisco Bay. This confused a lot of people. The first party that made it to California was called the Bartleson/Bidwell Party. They came out in 1841. When they came out here, they knew so little about the Green that they brought along people who were skilled in making boats and boat-making tools so that they could built a boat if the wagons got too slow and they could just float right down to California. As it turned out, they had to abandon their wagons but they did make it to California.

Now, a few years after them, in 1849, who here knows what happened in 1849 in America? The gold rush, of course. Up until that point there were very few people here. There were a few trappers, a few missionaries, a few explorers, but after 1849 the west was just flooded with people coming west to go to the gold fields. Among these people was a guy named William B. Manly. Manly was quite an interesting fellow and quite an intrepid explorer. He wrote a book

called *Death Valley in '49*, and in it he describes a trip down the Green River from the Immigrant Crossing, which is north of Green River, Wyoming, north of where the freeway crosses today. In his journal he writes:

If this stream were large enough, if we had a boat, if we knew the way, if there were no falls or bad places, if we had plenty of provisions, if we were bold enough to set out on such a trip, we might come out at some point or other on the Pacific Ocean.

He had heard that the river came out here, but he didn't know where. As it turned out, all these ifs were satisfied, I guess.

SIDE TWO

They found an old ferry boat that was used to ferry immigrants across and they cleaned it out of sand, cleaned it all out and got it in shape and set out down the Green. Just like everyone else, they found flat water at first, and finally when they got into Flaming Gorge, their boat got stuck in a rapid with the current up against it. He said they could no more move the boat than they could the rock itself.

So, they were stuck there, and rather than try to walk out or give up hope, Manly and his men set out building canoes. They chopped down some big pine trees and made dugout canoes. He doesn't say how long it took them, but he says they worked day and night at it. They made two of them, and when that wasn't big enough, they made a third. So, they set out down the river, came down through all the same canyons, of course, that the other people mentioned. Flaming Gorge into Brown's Park, which is a large, open area, and into Lodore Canyon and into Whirlpool Canyon, Echo Park. About Whirlpool Canyon they had a wreck, overturned and lost a lot of their gear, all their guns except one gun and one shotgun. A couple of men almost drowned. So, they were getting pretty depressed with the whole thing. As it turns out, as he was floating down in Lodore Canyon, it turned out that there had been other people down there before him. He writes:

At one place where the river was more than usually obstructed, we found a deserted camp, a skiff, and some heavy cooking utensils with a notice posted up on an alder tree saying that they had found the river route impractical and being satisfied that the river was so full of rocks and boulders that it could not be safely navigated, they had abandoned the undertaking and were about to start overland to make their way to Salt Lake. This notice rather disconcerted us, but we thought we had better keep on and see for ourselves. So we did not follow them but kept on down the rocky river. We found generally more boulders than water and the downgrade of the river bed was heavy.

They came on out, a little bit after that. They came out of the gorge here, out of Split Mountain Gorge, and into this area. He mentions they came into areas of cottonwoods and how the river was a lot quieter then. They were going down and they heard a couple of gunshots. This

was in 1849, there weren't many people around here. Well, they knew the Mormons were in Salt Lake in 1847, but they didn't know who was in this area. They heard gunshots again and again. Finally, they saw an Indian, a couple of Indian lodges right around in this area, and an Indian standing there with a gun over his arm. He motioned them to come over to the side. So, they pulled over and got into a conversation with the Indians. The only English words the Indians knew were "Mormon" and "buffalo." They figured out that they were on a buffalo hunt, and the Indians pointed their guns and their knives and a lot of their clothes and stuff and they said "Mormon."

So Manly figured out that the Indians were very friendly with the Mormons, so he said, "Mormon," and pointed to himself and all of his friends and they were all good friends after that. Manly knew sign language also, so he got to talking to the Indians, and it turned out one of them was a guy named Wakara, whom the Americans called Chief Walker.

Chief Walker is quite a famous figure in this area. He had a war named after him, the Walker War in the early 1850s, and he was pretty famous for stealing horses from the Spanish and selling them in Santa Fe. He also stole other Indians and sold them to the Spanish in Santa Fe.

So he got to talking to Walker, and Chief Walker drew him a map in the sand of the course of the river. Showed where all the tributaries came in and they piled up rocks on the side and held his hands up to show how high the walls were. When he found out that Manly and his men planned to go on down the Colorado, he was astonished and said, "How can you do this?" He drew a map farther down and showed him how high the walls were and how the rapids were really bad. He took out his bow and pointed it right at Manly with his arrow and showed him that there were hostile Indians who would kill him. So, he talked Manly out of going on down the river.

Manly and his men did a little horse trading with him and got a couple of horses. Chief Walker wanted Manly to go with them on their buffalo hunt, but it turned out that they were going to be gone for a long time, so they got a few horses from them, and made their way to Salt Lake City where they joined another party and ended up in Death Valley, which is where Death Valley got its name. They ran into some trouble there, but Manly lived through it, even though some of the other people in the party didn't, and went on to California. He finally wrote a book about 1895 and described his trip down.

A few years after Manly, twenty years after Manly, in fact, there was another man, who lived in Illinois. He was a schoolteacher there, taught to put himself through college. But about this time the Civil War came around, so he, like most Americans, he joined the Union Army and was made a captain of artillery. This man's name was John Wesley Powell. He's pretty famous in this area for being the person who first explored the Colorado and the Green River canyons. A lot of people, not a lot, but a few, people had been down them before, but nobody had made a scientific expedition out of it.

He studied the geology, made maps of the area, studied the Indians, studied the water, the wildlife, everything. Major Powell had lost his right arm at the Battle of Shilo. So after the war, he was given a professorship at Illinois Wesleyan University to teach geology. He made field trips out into this area every summer with some of his students. On one of these field trips in 1868, he conceived the idea of making an exploration of the Colorado and Green River canyons.

So he decided then, the following summer, in 1869, he would try it.

They had some boats made in Chicago. These boats were about twenty feet long and they were made of oak, with water-tight compartments fore and aft. There were three of those. Then one that was smaller, sixteen feet, that was made of pine. That was Major Powell's boat. He was going to go ahead and scout the rapids in that. They had these boats shipped from Chicago on the railroad which had just opened on May 10, and the railroad had just been completed, the Transcontinental Railroad. He had these boats shipped to Green River, Wyoming, which is where the railroad crossed, and where the freeway crosses today, and loaded them up.

Now, Major Powell, whereas Ashley and Manly and everyone had started out pretty light, Major Powell put a ton of supplies in each boat. So you can see that when he came down and had to portage around rapids like the rest of the people did, it wasn't a very easy affair to unload a ton of supplies from each boat, carry it around the rapid, reload it, and start off.

Before I read a few things about Major Powell, I'd like to read a quote from another guy that was on the trip, his name was George Bradley. There were ten people, incidentally, total, on the trip. There was Major Powell's brother, and this guy named Bradley was one of his students and had served under him during the war. Bradley is a very interesting fellow, he was quite a good writer and he was sort of Major Powell's right-hand man. He kind of kept the expedition going when Major was out exploring or when he left to go post letters and stuff. So, I'd like to read you Bradley's account of coming right out of Split Mountain Gorge here and coming down this stretch of the river. This is on June 26, 1869. It says:

We made a pleasant run today of thirty miles and have run a succession of rapids through the canyon which lengthened out beyond our expectation. We have reached the valley this a.m. Found great numbers of geese. Passed several old lodges where the Indians live at certain seasons of the year. There are none living in them now.

Another quote, this is a little later, down at the mouth of the Uintah River, which is a bit south, probably fifty river miles south of here, Bradley wrote on July 4, 1869. Now, this doesn't have to do with us, but I'd like to read it in order to give an idea of what these people went through in the name of science, really, in order to make these exploring expeditions. On July 4, Bradley writes:

Three successive 4ths I have been in the wilderness. Where shall I be next 4th of July? Took a long walk alone tonight beside the lake and thought of home, contrasted its comforts and privileges with the privations we suffer here and asked myself why am I here? With moistened eyes I seek again my tent where, engaged with my own thoughts, I pass hours with my friends at home, sometimes laughing, sometimes weeping until sleep comes and dreams bring me into the apparent presence of those I love.

So you can see that these men went through quite a bit in order to make these expeditions, and at times, just like us, when we're doing things at times, they wondered, "What

am I doing here?" So now, to back up just a bit. Major Powell was, as I said, a scientist and he was a very thorough and a very methodical person. Now, before he went down the river he talked to everybody he could find that had also been down this stretch in order to find out some more about it. One of the folks he talked to was an old Indian. This guy's name was Periotts. Here's what Periotts told Major Powell:

Last spring I had a conversation with an old Indian named Periotts who told me about one of his tribe attempting to run this canyon. The rocks, he said, holding his hands high above his head, his arms vertical, looking between them to the heavens, the rocks heap, heap high. The water go whooooo, whooooo. Water pony heap buck, water catch 'em. No see um engine anymore, no se um squaw anymore, no see um papoose anymore.

So Major Powell found out from the Indian, and a lot of other people tried to dissuade him from going on this trip, but he went ahead anyway. Now I've been throwing around names here like Lodore Canyon and Flaming Gorge and Split Mountain Gorge, all of these names came from Major Powell. As you can see, it was the first scientific and the first really major expedition, and he gave names to just about every part of the river. He named Flaming Gorge, as I said, and Whirlpool Canyon, Split Mountain Gorge, Echo Park, Yampa River, Lodore Canyon, all these canyons which go up. The ones I've been mentioning are north of us, or upstream from us. He also gave names all the way down into the Grand Canyon. He named all these places. I just read Bradley's account of coming out of Split Mountain Gorge here. I'd like to read Major Powell's account. This is June 26, 1869.

At one point, the river turns from left to right in a direction at right angles to the canyon and a long shoot and strikes to the right where its waters are heaped up in great billows that tumble back in breakers. We glide into the shoot before we see the danger and it's too late to stop. Two or three hard strips (?) are given on the right and we pause for an instant, expecting to be dashed against the rock, but the bow of the boat leaps high upon a wave, the rebounding waters hurl us back. We seem to bounce into a beautiful valley, glide down its length for ten miles and camp under a grand old cottonwood. This is evidently a frequent resort for Indians. Tent poles are lying about, and the dead embers of laid campfires are seen. On the plains to the left, antelope are feeding and now and then a wolf is seen. After dark they make the air resound with their howling.

As I mentioned before, there certainly aren't any wolves left in this area. There are coyotes, and at times, about this time of the day, if you listen, you can hear them, their high-pitched howling. I don't think there are many antelope left in this area, but the Indians gave a name to the area around here, or south of here, called Wansets Uab, which means Antelope Valley. Major Powell kept that name and it's called Wansets Valley to this day. It's also another oil-producing area.

Major Powell had his share of misadventures, too. At one point in Lodore Canyon, they

came to a place where the rocks were really bad in the river and they lost control of one of their boats. The men fell out in a rapid and went sideways and the boat hit a rock and just smashed into pieces. This was quite a loss to Major Powell because, although they'd divided up all the provisions and guns and clothing equally, as it turned out, he left all his barometers in this one boat. He needed barometers for measuring the height of the canyon walls. At first he was just going to leave it. As it turned out, though, one end of the cabin of the boat, one of the cabins, was stuck on a rock and they could see it in a very dangerous place. First he was going to leave it, but then he decided that he really needed those barometers and he'd send a couple of men to see if they were in there.

So, he sent a couple of men out into the middle of the river the next day. They made their way out safely and they got to the boat and opened it up and then they started shouting and waving their hands over their heads and their hats and firing their guns and Major Powell thought, "Ahh, they found the barometers." As it turned out, they had found the barometers, but they had also found a keg of whiskey that the men had stored away without Major Powell knowing it, and this is what they were shouting about. So they each had their priorities.

Another thing that happened to Major Powell in his party that was kind of a misadventure, I'd like to use to illustrate a point here. You noticed that we don't have a campfire tonight, even though this is supposed to be a campfire circle program. I don't have one for a couple of reasons. One is that the wood we are sitting on and the wood that we use is a form of energy. We all know how short energy is in supply today and I didn't have one tonight for that very reason, as an energy conservation measure. I know you people need them to cook on, and on your vacations and stuff, but I kind of figured we didn't really need one here. But also, the reason we don't have a campfire, another reason, is that this area, even though it looks green around here, a lot of this stuff is really dry. You noticed how windy it was today. It wouldn't take much to blow a couple of embers out of a fire and to start a fire here and burn up this whole area. It happened two years ago up in Split Mountain Campground which is just upriver of us. A person left his fire, or it had been left all day, and they thought it was out. A wind came up, started it up, blew some embers out and burned up a good part of that campground. So we'd like to ask all you folks, if you would please, to really make sure your fires are out tonight. Check them really carefully, because it wouldn't take very much to start a fire, and we certainly don't want that. To illustrate that, on June 16, 1869 Major Powell writes:

I go up to explore, while away a whirlwind comes and scatters the fire among the dead willows and cedar spray and soon there is a conflagration. The men rush for the boats leaving all they cannot readily seize at the moment and even then they had their clothing burned and hair singed and Bradley has his ears scorched. The cook fills his arms with the mess tent and jumping into the boat, stumbles and falls and away go our cooking utensils into the river.

So they lost all their cooking utensils, their spoons, forks, all they had was one big bucket and their knives that they carried on their belts. But this didn't stop them, and they were able to secure other ones later on. A little later, actually after Major Powell had left this area, gone through a couple of pretty bad stretches of river, Desolation and Kolb canyons then Cataract

Canyon which is a very bad part, very rapid part, I have a quote here where he got down to the mouth of the Little Colorado River, which is just the head of the Grand Canyon. I'd like to use this to illustrate, just like Ashley mentioned and Manly mentioned and he mentioned the people before him had noted, how they had all gotten pretty depressed by being down in these canyons and not being able to see the sun. This quote is from August 13, 1869, the mouth of the Little Colorado, and it serves to illustrate how this was affecting Major Powell, who was a very intrepid, very adventurous person, he had been through battles through the Civil War, been through encounters with hostile Indians. This is his feeling about the Grand Canyon:

We are now ready to start on our way down the great unknown. Our boats ride high and buoyant for their loads are lighter than we could desire. We have but a month's rations remaining. The lightening of the boats has this advantage: they will ride the waves better and we shall have but little to carry when we make a portage. We are three quarters of a mile in the depths of the earth and the great river sinks into insignificance as it dashes its angry waves against the walls and cliffs that rise to the world above. The waves are but puny ripples and we but pygmies running up and down the sands or lost among the boulders. We have an unknown distance yet to run, an unknown river to explore. What falls there are, we know not; what rocks beset the channel, we know not; what walls rise over the river, we know not. Oh well, we may conjecture many things. The men talk as cheerfully as ever; jests are bandied about freely this morning, but to me the cheer is somber and the jests are ghastly.

So, you can see even as adventurous and as intrepid and as strong-willed as Major Powell was, it was starting to get to him and it got to his men even more.

They went down a little farther in August of 1869 and got down into the Grand Canyon, crossed a few rapids. Bradley writes in his journal how [when] they came to a rapid, they'd say, "This is the worst one we've ever seen, so nothing can be this bad." A few days later he'd write, "Well, we came to the worst rapid we've ever seen and portaged it." Five or six days later he'd say the same thing. Finally they came to one that seemed absolute, the very worst they'd ever seen. Three of Powell's men, the Howland brothers, O.W. and Seneca Howland, and another guy, named Bill Dunn, decided that they'd had enough of the river. So they got together that night as they were waiting, they camped at the head of the rapid, and decided that they would climb out of the Grand Canyon and make their way back to safety. Major Powell tried to talk them out of it and they tried to talk him out of going on. Neither one of them was successful.

The next morning, they got up, split up their rations and their guns and everything and the three men started out climbing up the canyon. Powell and his men pushed out into the river, and as it turned out, this rapid was much easier than it looked, they just went right into the rapid and shot right through and out into calm water. They fired their guns off and waved at these men, trying to get them to come back down, but they just kept on climbing.

So, they ran a couple more rapids that Bradley said were the worst ones he'd ever seen, and finally in August of 1869, they popped out into the flats below the Grand Canyon. The first people they ran into were some Mormon fisherman who were down there. These fishermen had

been advised by Brigham Young to keep an eye out for the wreckage and bodies of the Powell expedition, because in all the eastern papers that Major Powell was writing to, they'd said the expedition was lost and all the men had been drowned; they even wrote obituaries for Powell and his men. So, these men were on the lookout for their bodies and they were pretty surprised to find Powell and his friends coming up. These men took them up to St. George, Utah, and a couple of Powell's men kept on down the river to the Gulf of California. But Powell went up to Salt Lake and then up to Ogden and caught the train there and went back to Chicago.

A couple of years later, or a year later, he came back again and one of the things he was trying to do was find out what happened to his men, the three men that had left him at Separation Rapid they called it. As it turned out, these men had climbed up out of the Grand Canyon. It had taken them two days to climb up through those deep gorges and canyons and rocky slopes, and got up to the top in open air and freedom. They got to the top and there they ran into some Shivwits Indians. Just a little before this, some prospectors had killed a couple of Shivwits Indians. These Indians saw these three men, they had guns, they were white men, so they shot them full of arrows. They killed and left them there. So Major Powell found this out, and as it turned out, they would have been a lot better off staying with him.

About twenty years after that, there was another expedition. The Stanton Expedition came through a couple of years after them. To sum up the rest of the river briefly, there was another guy named Nathaniel Galloway. From 1891 to 1913, he floated all the canyons of the Green and Colorado and their tributaries. He was a trapper up and down the canyon. I think Nathaniel Galloway is kind of an interesting fellow because he wasn't an explorer, wasn't anything. I think he just liked to run the rivers. Around that same time, there were a couple of other people called the Kolb brothers, Ellsworth and Emery. They were a couple of men who ran, they were friends of Galloway and his sons.

It's interesting to note that in 1911 they saw where Ashley had painted on the wall there in 1825. They started taking people down the river, government survey parties in 1922 and on. These were mapping crews and also people looking for dam sites. These mapping crews came in 1922 and also in 1946, '47, and '48. In between this time they were looking for places to put dams on the river, and they found a couple of places as you can see at Flaming Gorge Dam and at Glen Canyon. There was quite a fight over these places. They were also planning to put a dam at Echo Park. A lot of people see this as a kind of a shame that they put these dams there, but there's nothing we can do about it now. But there's been quite a fight over the years about where they put these. The one at Echo Park was a great controversy in this area and has left a lot of bitter feelings to this day.

In 1936 then, there were a couple of people named Bus and C.L. Hatch. These guys knew Galloway's sons, and they got the idea of piloting dudes, as they put it, down the river for money. So they started sending people down the river. After WWII when rubber pontoon boats were in great supply, they started running people in this. As you can see, it turned into quite a multi-million dollar industry. Every day that you're down around this campground you see Hatch boats coming in, Hatch and Western and Wild Water West, a lot of people. So a lot of people run the river to this day. I was talking to the boating ranger and he told me that 16,000 people a year run just these rivers right here, the Yampa and the Green. That's more people than run the Grand Canyon, it's 15,000 people a year the way they figure it. So you can tell that from the days of

Escalante, when he crossed and found a few Indians and wolves and antelope and buffalo, the river has changed quite a bit, or the surroundings and the river. The river still keeps flowing on and the rocks keep disintegrating grain by grain. But the area around it has changed, and sometimes it's for the better and sometimes it's for the worse.

That's all I have to say about the Green. I'd sure like to thank you for listening to me here in the dark and if you have any questions, please come up afterwards. I'd like also to mention that there is a tram tour that starts right here in the parking lot, just where you walk in here, that starts at 8:30 in the morning every morning and it goes along this road out here, crosses the Green, goes past the Cub Creek petroglyphs, that I mentioned, up to a place called Josie's Cabin. There was an old lady who homesteaded there from 1914 to 1964 and she left the cabin there. It's been preserved as a historic site. It's a very interesting tour, there's a ranger, a naturalist, along to explain it to you. Kind of a dusty road, though, so we advise you to take a little bit of water with you. That starts at 8:30 in the parking lot out here.

Thank you very much for listening. I hope you enjoy your stay here at Dinosaur, and come back, please.